



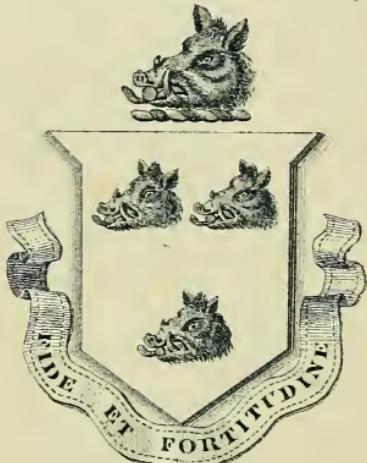
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A Pleasant  
COMEDIE  
O F  
FAIRE 'EM,  
The Millers Daughter of  
Manchester:

With the loue of *William the Conqueror.*

As it was sundty times publiquely acted in the  
Honourable Citie of London, by the right Ho-  
nourable the Lord Strange his Seruants.



---

L O N D O N ,  
Printed for *John Wright*, and are to be sold at his shop at the  
signe of the Bible in Guilt-spur street without  
New-gate. 1631.

15.6.438

May, 1873

A Pleasant Comedie of faire *Em*.,  
The Millers daughter of Manchester,  
With the loue of *William*  
the Conquerour.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Enter *William the Conqueror*: *Marques Lubeck*, with a picture:  
*Mountney*: *Manuile*: *Valingford*: and *Duke Dirot*.

*Marques*. **W**Hat meanes faire Britaines mighty Conqueror  
So suddenly to cast away his staffe?

And all in passion to forsake the tilt.

*D. Dirot*. My Lord, this triumph we solemnise here,  
Is of meere loue to your increasing ioyes:  
Only expecting cheerefull looks for all.  
What sudden pangs then moues your maiesty,  
To dim the brightnesse of the day with frownes?

*W. Conqueror*. Ah, good my Lords, misconster not the cause;  
At least, suspect not my displeased browes  
I amorously do beare to your intent:  
For thanks and all that you can wish I yeeld.  
But that which makes me blush and shame to tell,  
Is cause why thus I turne my conqueiring eyes  
To cowards looks and beaten fantasies.

*Mountney*. Since we are guiltlesse, we the lesse dismay  
To see this sudden change possesse your cheere:  
For if it issue from your owne conceits,  
Bred by suggestion of some enuious thoughts:  
Your highnesse wisdome may suppress it straight.  
Yet tell vs (good my Lord) whatthought it is,  
That thus bereaues you of your late content,  
That in aduise we may assist your Grace.  
Or bend our forces to reuiewe your spirits.

*W. Con.* Ah *Marques Lubeck*, in thy power it lyes  
To rid my bosome of these thralled dumps:  
And therefore, good my Lords forbeare a while,  
That we may parley of these priuate cares,

# The Millers daughter

Whose strength subdues me more than all the world.

*Valingford.* We goe and wish thee priuate conference,  
Publike affeets in this accustomed peace.

*Exit all but William and the Marques.*

*William.* Now *Marques* must a Conqueror at armes  
Disclose himselfe thrald to vnarmed thoughts,  
And threatened of a shaddow, yeeld to lust :  
No sooner had my sparkling eyes beheld  
The flames of beautie blasing on this peece,  
But suddenly a sence of myracle  
Imagined on thy louely Maistres face,  
Made mee abandon bodily regard,  
And cast all pleasures on my wounded soule :  
Then gentle *Marques* tell me what she is,  
That thus thou honourest on thy waike shield :  
And if thy loue and interest be such,  
As iustly may giue place to mine,  
That if it be : my soule with honors wings  
May fly into the bosome of my deare.  
If not, close them and stoope into my graue.

*Marques.* If this be all renowned Conqueror :  
Aduance your drooping spirits, and reviue  
The wonted courage of your Conquering minde,  
For this faire picture painted on my shield  
Is the true counterfeit of louely *Blanch*  
Princes and daughter to the King of *Danes* :  
Whose beautie and excesse of ornaments  
Deserues another manner of defence,  
Pompe and high person to attend her state  
Than *Marques Lubeck* any way presents :  
Therefore her vertues I resigne to thee,  
Alreadie shrind in thy religious brest,  
To be aduanced and honoured to the full.  
Nor beare I this an argument of loue :  
But to renowne faire *Blanch* my Soueraignes Childe,  
In euerie place where I by armes may doe it.

*William*

## of Manchester.

*William.* Ah *Marques*, thy wordes bring heauen vnto my soule,  
And had I heauen to giue for thy reward,  
Thou shouldest be thronde in no vnworthy place.  
But let my vttermost wealth suffice thy worth;  
Which here I vowe, and to aspire the blisse  
That hangs on quicke atchiuement of my loue,  
Thy selfe and I will trauell in disguise,  
To bring this Ladie to our Brittaine Court.

*Marques.* Let *William* but bethinke what may auayle,  
And let mee die if I denie my ayde.

*William.* Then thus: The *Duke Dirot* and th' *Earle Dimach*  
Will I leaue substitutes to rule my Realme,  
While mightie loue forbids my being here,  
And in the name of Sir *Robert of Windsor*.  
Will goe with thee vnto the Danish Court;  
Keepe *Williams* secrets *Marques* if thou loue him;  
Bright *Blaunch* I come, sweet fortune fauour me,  
And I will laud thy name eternally.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Miller and Em his daughter.*

*Miller.* Come daughter we must learne to shake off pompe.  
To leaue the state that earst beseemd a Knight,  
And gentleman of no meane discent,  
To vndertake this homely millers trade:  
Thus must we maske to saue our wretched liues,  
Threatned by Conquest of this haplesse Ile:  
Whose sad inuasions by the Conqueror,  
Haue made a number such as we subiect  
Their gentle neckes vnto their stubborne yoke,  
Of drudging labour and base pesantrie.  
Sir *Thomas Goddard* nowold *Goddard* is,  
*Goddard* the Miller of faire Manchester.  
Why should not I content me with this state?  
As good Sir Edmund *Trofferd* did the flaire.  
And thou sweet *Em* must stoope to high estate.  
To ioyn with mine that thus we may protege.

## The Millers daughter

Our harmelesse liues, which led in greater port  
Would be an eniuious obiect to our foes,  
That seeke to root all Britaines Gentrie  
From bearing countenance against their tyrannie.

*Em.* Good Father let my full resolued thoughts,  
With settled patience to support this chance  
Be some poore comfort to your aged soule:  
For therein rests the height of my estate,  
That you are pleased with this deiction,  
And that all toyles my hands may vndertake,  
May serue to worke your worthines content.

*Miller,* Thankes my deere daughter: these thy pleasant words  
Transfer my soule into a second heauen:  
And in thy settled minde, my ioyes consist,  
My state reuived, and I in former plight.  
Although our outward pomp be thus abased,  
And thralde to drudging, staylesse of the world,  
Let vs retaine those honourable mindes  
That lately gouerned our superior state.  
Wherein true gentrie is the only meane,  
That makes vs differ from base millers borne:  
Though we expect no knightly delicates,  
Nor thirst in soule for former soueraigntie.  
Yet may our mindes as highly scorne to stoope  
To base desires of vulgars worldliness,  
As if we were in our presedent way.  
And louely daughter, since thy youthfull yeares  
Must needs admit as young affections:  
And that sweet loue vnpartiall perceiues  
Her dainie subiects through euery part,  
In chiefe receiue these lessons from my lips,  
The true discouerers of a Virgins due  
Now requisite, now that I know thy minde  
Something enclinde to fauour *Mannils* sute,  
A gentleman, thy Louer in protest:  
And that thou maist not be by loue deceipted,

# of Manchester.

But try his meaning fit for thy desert,  
In pursuit of all amorous desires,  
Regard thine honour. Let not vehement sighes  
Nor earnest vowes importing feruent loue,  
Render thee subiect to the wrath of lust:  
For that transformed to former sweet delight,  
Will bring thy body and thy soule to shame.  
Chaste thoughts and modest conuersations,  
Of proofoe to keepe out all inchaunting vowes,  
Vaine sighes, forst teares, and pittifull aspects,  
Are they that make deformed Ladies faire,  
Poore wretch, and such inticing men,  
That seeke of all but onely present grace,  
Shall in perseuerance of a Virgins due  
Prefer the most refusers to the choyce  
Of such a soule as yeelded what they thought.  
But hoo : where is Trotter?

*Here enters Trotter the Millers man to them : and they  
within call to him for their grift.*

*Trotter.* Wheres Trotter ? why Trotter is here.  
Yfaith, you and your daughter go vp and downe weeping,  
And wamenting and keeping of a wamentation,  
As who should say, the Mill would goe with your wamenting.

*Miller.* How now Trotter ? why complainest thou so ?

*Trotter.* Why yonder is a company of young men and maidis  
Keefe such a stir for their grift, that they would haue it before  
My stones be readie to grindit. But yfaith, I would I coulde  
Breake winde enough backward : you should not tarrie for your  
Grift I warrant you.

*Miller.* Content thee Trotter, I will go pacifie them.

*Trotter.* I wis you will when I cannot. Why looke,  
You haue a Mill. Why whats your Mill without mee ?  
Or rather Mistres, what were I without you ?

*Em.* Nay Trotter, if you fall a chiding, I will give you ouer.

*Trotter.* I chide you dame to amend you.

You are too fine to be a Millers daughter:

Here he ta-  
keth Em a-  
bout the nee-

For

# The Millers daughter

For if you should but stoope to take vp the tole dish  
You will haue the crampe in your finger  
At least ten weekes after.

*Miller.* Ah well said Trotter, teach her to play the good huswife  
And thou shalt haue her to thy wife, if thou canst get her good wil.

*Trotter.* Ah words wherein I see Matrimonie come loaden  
With kisses to salute me : Now let me alone to pick the mill,  
To fill the hopper, to take the tole, to mend the sailes,  
Yea, and to make the mill to goe with the verie force of my loue.

*Here they must call for their grist within.*

*Trotter.* I come, I come, yfaith now you shall haue your grist  
Or else Trotter Will trot and amble himselfe to death.

*They call him againe.*

*Exit.*

Enter king of Denmarke, with some attendants, Blanch his  
daughter; Mariana, Marques Lubeck, William  
disguised.

*King of Denmarke.* Lord Marques Lubecks welcome home,  
Welcom braue Knight vnto the Denmarke King :  
For Williams sake the noble Norman Duke,  
So famous for his fortunes and successe,  
That graceth him with name of Conqueror :  
Right double welcome must thou be to vs.

*Rob. Windsor.* And to my Lord the King shall I recounse  
Your graces courteous entertainment,  
Thit for his sake vouchsafe to honour me  
A simple Knight attendant on his grace.

*King Den.* But say Sir Knight, what may I call your name?

*Robert Windsor.* Robert Windsor and like your maestie.

*King Den.* I tell thee Robert, I so admire the man,  
As that I count it hainous guilt in him  
That honours not Duke William with his heart.

*Blanch.* Bid this straunger welcome, good my girle.

*Blanch.* Sir, should I neglect your highnes charge herein,  
It might be thought of base discoutesie.  
Welcome Sir Knight to Denmarke heartily.

*Robert.*

of Manchester.

*Ro. Windsor.* Thanks gentle Ladie. Lord Marques, what is she?

*Lubeck.* That same is Blanch daughter to the King,  
The substance of the shadow that you saw.

*Rob. Windsor.* May this be shee, for whom I crost the Seas ?  
I am ashamed to think I was so fond,  
In whom there's nothing that contents my minde,  
Ill head, worse featurde, vncomly, nothing courtly,  
Swart and ill fauoured, a Colliers sanguine skin.  
I neuer saw a harder fauour'd Slut.  
Loue her ? for what ? I can no whit abide her.

*King of Denmark.* Mariana, I haue this day receiued letters  
From Swethia, that lets me vnderstand,  
Your ransome is collecting there with speed,  
And shortly shall be hither sent to vs.

*Mariana.* Not that I finde occasion of mislike  
My entertainment in your graces court,  
But that I long to see my natvie home.

*King Den.* And reason haue you Madam for the same ?  
Lord Marques I commit vnto your charge  
The entertainment of Sir Robert here,  
Let him remaine with you within the Court  
In solace and dispert, to spend the time.

*Exit King of Denmark.*

*Robert Wind.* I thank your highnes, whose bounden I remaine.

*Blanch* speakest this secretly at one end of the stage.

Vnhappie Blanch, what strange effects are these  
That workes within my thoughts confusedly ?  
That still me thinkes affection drawes me on  
To take, to like, nay more to loue this knight.

*Robert. Wind.* A modest countenance, no heauie fullien looke,  
Not very faire, but richly deckt with fauour :  
A sweet face, an exceeding daintie hand :  
A body were it framed of wax  
By all the cunning Artists of the world  
It could not better be proportioned.  
*Lubeck.* How now Sir Robert ? in a studie man ?

# The Millers daughter

Here is no time for contemplation.

*Robert Windsor.* My Lord there is a certaine odd conceit,  
Which on the sudden greatly troubles me.

*Lubeck.* How like you Blaunch? I partly do perceiue  
The little boy hath played the wag with you.

*Sir Robert.* The more I look the more I loue to looke.  
Who sayes that *Mariana* is not faire?

He gage my gauntlet gainst the eniuious man,  
That dares auow there liueth her compare.

*Lubeck.* Sir *Robert*, you mistake your counterfeit.  
This is the Lady which you came to see.

*Sir Robert.* Yea my Lord: She is counterfeit in deed:  
For there is the substance that best contents me.

*Lubeck.* That is my loue. Sir *Robert* you do wrong me.

*Robert.* The better for you Sir, she is your Loue,  
As for the wrong, I see not how it growes.

*Lubeck.* In seeking that which is anothers right.

*Robert.* As who shoulde say your loue were priuileged  
That none might looke vpon her but your selfe.

*Lubeck.* These iarres becomes not our familiaritie,  
Nor will I stand on termes to moue your patience.

*Robert.* Why my lord, am not I of flesh & bloud as well as you?  
Then give me leaue to loue as well as you.

*Lubeck.* To loue Sir *Robert*? but whom? not she I loue?  
Nor stands it with the honour of my state,  
To brooke corruals with me in my loue.

*Robert.* So Sir, we are thorough for that L.  
Ladies farewell. Lord *Marques*, will you go?  
I will finde a time to speake wirth her I trow?

*Lubeck.* With all my heart. Come Ladies wil you walke? *Exit.*

Enter *Manuile* alone disguised.

*Manuile.* Ah *Em* the subiect of my restlesse thoughts,  
The Anuyle whereupon my heart doth beat,  
Framing thy state to thy desert,  
Full ill this life becomes thy heauenly looke,  
Wherin sweet loue and vertue sits enthroned.

# of Manchester.

Bad world, where riches is esteemed aboue them both,  
In whose base eyes nought else is bountifull.

A Millers daughter saies the multitude,  
Should not be loued of a gentleman.

But let them breath their soules into the ayre :  
Yet will I still affect thee as my selfe.

So thou be constant in thy plighted vow,  
Bur here comes one, I will listen to his talke,

*Enter Valingford at another dore, disguised.*

*Valingford. Goe William Conqueror and seeke thy loue.*  
Seekethou a mynion in a forren land

Whilst I draw backe and court my loue at home,  
The Millers daughter of faire Manchester  
Hath bound my feet to this delightsome soyle :  
And from her eyes do dart such golden beames,  
That holds my heart in her subiection.

*Manuile, He ruminates on my beloued choyce :  
God grant he come not to preuent my hope.  
But heres another, him yle listen to.*

*Enter Mountney disguised at another dore.*

*L. Mountney. Nature vniust, in vtterance of thy art,  
To grace a pesant with a Princes fame :  
Pesant am I so to mis-terme my loue  
Although a Millers daughter by her birth :  
Yet may her beautie and her vertues well suffice  
To hide the blemish of her birth in hell,  
Where neither eniuious eyes nor thought can pierce,  
But endlesse darknesse ever smother it.*

*Goe William Conqueror and seeke thy loue,  
Whilst I draw backe and court mine owne the while :  
Decking her body with such costly robes  
As may become her beauties worthiness,  
That so thy labours may be laughed to scorne,  
And she thou seekest in forraine regions,  
Be darkned and eclipsit when she arriues,  
By one that I haue chosen neerer home.*

*Manuile staies  
hiding him-  
self.*

# The Miller's daughter

Mannile. What comes he to, to intercept my loue?  
Then hye thee Mannile to forestall such foes. *Exit Mannile.*

Mountney. What now Lord Valingford are you behinde?  
The king had chosen you to goe with him.

Valingford. So chose he you, therefore I maruell much  
That both of vs should linger in this sort.  
What may the king imagine of our stay?

Mountney. The king may justly think we are to blame,  
But I imagin'd I might well be spared  
And that no other man had borne my minde.

Valingford. The like did I: in frendship then resolute  
What is the cause of your vnlookt for stay?

Mountney. Lord Valingford I tell thee as a friend,  
Loue is the cause why I haue stayed behind.

Valingford. Loue my Lord? of whom?

Mountney. Em the millers daughter of Manchester.

Valingford. But may this be?

Mountney. Why not my Lord? I hope full well you know  
That loue respects no difference of state  
So beautie serue to stir affection.

Valingford. But this it is that makes me wonder most,  
That you and I should be of one conceit  
In such a strange vnlkely passion.

Mountney. But is that true? my Lord: I hope you do but iest.

Valingford. I would I did: then were my grieve the lesse.

Mountney. Nay never grieve: for if the cause be such  
To ioyne our thoughts in such a Sympathy:  
All enuie set aside: let vs agree  
To yeeld to eithers fortune in this choyce.

Valingford. Content say I, and what so ere befall,  
Shake hands my Lord and fortune thriue at all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Em, and Trotter the Miller's man with a kerchife on  
his head, and an Vrinall in his hand.

Em. Trotter where haue you beene?

Trotter. Where haue I beene? why, what signifiesthis?

Em. A kerchife, doth it not?

*Trotter.*

of Manchester.

Trotter. What call you this I pray?

Em. I say it is an Vrinall.

Trotter. Then this is mystically to give you to understand  
I haue beeene at the Phisnicaries house.

Em. How long hast thou beeene sicke?

Trotter. Yfaith, euen as long as I haue not beeene halfe well,  
And that hath beeene a long time.

Em. A loytering time I rather imagine. (help me.

Trot. It may bee so : but the Phisnicary tels mee that you can

Em. Why, any thing I can doe for recouerie of thy health  
Be right well assured of.

Trot. Then give me your hand.

Em. To what end.

Trot. That the ending of an old indenture  
Is the begining of a new bargaine.

Em. What bargaine?

Trot. That you promised to doe any thing to recouer my health.

Em. On that condition I give thee my hand,

Trot. Ah sweet Em. *Here he offeris to kisse her.*

Em. How now Trot? your masters daughter?

Trot. Yfaith I aime at the fairest,  
Ah Em. sweet Em, fresh as the flower:  
That hath power to wound my hart.  
And ease my smart, of me poore theefe,  
In prison bound.

Em. So all your rime lies on the ground.  
But what meanes this?

Trot. Ah marke the deuise,  
For thee my loue full sicke I was, in hazard of my life  
Thy promise was to make me whole, and for to be my wife.  
Let mee inioy my loue my deere,  
And thou possesse thy Trotter here.

Em. But I meant no such matter.

Trot. Yes woos but you did, Ile goe to our Parson Sir Iohn,  
And he shall mumble vp the marriage out of hand.  
Em. But here comes one that will forbid the Banes.

# The Millers daughter

Here Enter Mannile to them.

Trotter. Ah Sir you come too late.

Mannile. What remedie Trotter.

Em. Goe Trotter, my father calles.

Trotter. Would you haue me goe in, and leaue you two here?

Em. Why, darest thou not trust me?

Trotter. Yes faith, euen as long as I see you.

Em. Goe thy waies I pray thee hartily.

Trotter. That same word (hartily) is of great force.

I will goe: but I pray Sir, beware you

Come not too neere the wench.

Exit Trotter.

Mannile. I am greatly beholding to you.

Ah Maistres, sometime I mirgh haue said my loue,

But time and fortune hath bereaued me of that,

And I am abiect in those gratiouse eyes

That with remorse earst saw into my griefe,

May sit and sigh the sorrowes of my heart.

Em. In deed my Mannile hath some cause to doubt,  
When such a swaine is riuall in his loue,

Mannile. Ah Em, were he the man that causeth this mistrust,  
I should esteeme of thee as at thee first.

Em. But is my loue in earnest all this while?

Mannile. Beleeue me Em, it is not time to iest  
When others ioyes, what lately I possesse.

Em. If touching loue my Mannile charge me thus?  
Unkindly must I take it at his hands,  
For that my conscience cleeres me of offence.

Mannile. Ah impudent and shamblesse in thy ill,  
That with thy cunning and defraudfull tongue  
Seeks to delude the honest meaning minde:  
Was never heard in Manchester before,  
Of truer loue then hath been betwixt vs twaine:  
And for my part how I haue hazarded  
Displeasure of my father and my friends  
Thy selfe can witnes. yet notwithstanding this:  
Two gentlemen attending on Duke William  
Mountney and Valingford, as I heard them named,

of Manchester.

Oft times resort to see and to be seene,  
Walking the street fast by thy fathers dore,  
Whose glauncing eyes vp to windowes cast,  
Giues testies of their Maisters amorous heart.  
This *Em.* is noted and too much talked on,  
Some see it without mistrust of ill.

Others there are that scorning grin thereat,  
And saith, there goes the Millers daughters wooers.  
Ah me, whom chiefly and mest of all it doth concerne  
To spend my time in grieve and vex my soule,  
To thinke my loue shoud be rewarded thus,  
And for thy sake abhorre all women kind,

*Em.* May not a maid looke vpon a man  
Without suspitious iudgement of the world?

*Manuile.* If sight doe moue offence, it is the better not to see.  
But thou didst more vncoustant as thou art,  
For with them thou hadst talke and conference.

*Em.* May not a maid talke with a man without mistrust?

*Manuile.* Not with such men suspected amorous.

*Em.* I grieue to see my *Manuiles* ielousie

*Manuile.* Ah *Em.*, faithfull loue is full of ielousie,  
So did I loue thee true and faithfully,  
For which I am rewarded most vnthankfully.

*Exit in a rage, Manet Em.*

And so away? what in displeasure gone?  
And left me such a bitter sweet to gnaw vpon?  
Ah *Manuile*, little wottest thou,  
How neere this parting goeth to my heart.  
Vncourteous loue whose followers reaps reward,  
Of hate disdaine, reproach and infamie,  
The fruit of frantick, bedlame ielousie.

*Here enters Mountney to Em.*

But here comes one of these suspitious men:  
Witnes my God without desert of me:  
For onely *Manuile* honor I in heart:  
Nor shall vnkindnesse cause me from him to start.

# The Millers daughter

Mountney. For this good fortune, Venus be thou blest,  
To meet my loue, the mistres of my heart,  
Where time and place giues opportunitie  
At full to let her vnderstand my loue.

*He turnes to Em & offerst to take her by the hand, & she goes from him.*  
Faire mistres, since my fortune sorts so well :  
Heare you a word. What meaneth this ?  
Nay stay faire Em.

Em. I am going homewards, Sir :

Mountney. Yet stay (sweet loue) to whom I must disclose  
The hidden secrets of a louers thoughts,  
Not doubting but to finde such kinde remorse  
As naturally you are inclined to.

Em. The Gentleman your friend Sir,  
I haue not seene him this foure dayes at the least.

Mountney. whats that to mee ? I speake not (sweet) in person of  
But for my selfe, whom if that loue deserue (my friend,  
To haue regard being honourable loue :  
Not base affects of loose lasciuious loue,  
Whom youthfull Wantons play and dally With :  
But that Vnites in honourable bands of holy rytes,  
And knits the sacred Knot that Gods. *Here Em cuts him off.*

Em. What meane you sir to keepe me here so long ?  
I cannot vnderstand you by your signes,  
You keepe a pratling with your lips,  
But neuer a word you speake that I can heare.

Mountney. What is she deafe ? a great impediment.  
Yet remedies there are for such defects.  
Sweet Em, it is no little grieve to mee,  
To see where nature in her pride of Art  
Hath wrought perfections rich and admirable.

Em. Speake you to me Sir ?

Mountney. To thee my onely ioy.

Em. I cannot heare you.

Mountney. Oh plague of fortune: Oh hell without compare.  
What boots it vs to gaze and not enioy ?

Em.

# of Manchester.

*Em.* Fare you Well Sir.

*Exit Em. M. Mountney.*

*Mountney.* Fare well my loue Nay farewell life and all.

Could I procure redresse for this infirmite,  
It might be meanes shee would regard my suit.

I am acquainted with the Kings Physitions:

Amongst the which there's one mine honest friend,

Seignior *Alberto*, a very learned man,

His iudgment will I haue to help this ill.

Ah *Em*, faire *Em*, if art can make thee whole :

Ile Buy that sense for thee, although it cost me deare.

But *Mountney* : stay, this may be but deceit,

A matter fained onely to delude thee.

And not vnlike, perhaps by *Valingford*,

He loues faire *Em* as well as I.

As well as I ? ah no, not halfe so well.

Put case, yet may he be thine chemicie,

And giue her counsell to dissemble thus.

Ile try the euent and if it fall out so ;

Friendship farewell : Loue makes me now a foe. *Exit Mountney.*

*Enter Marques Lubeck, and Mariana.*

*Mariana.* Trust me my Lord, I am sorry for your hurt.

*Lubeck.* Gramercie Madam : but it is not great :

Onely a thrust, prickt with a Rapiers point.

*Mariana.* How grew the quarrell my Lord ?

*Lubeck.* Sweet Ladie, for thy sake.

There was this last night two maskes in one company.

My selfe the formost : The other strangers were : (sures,

Amongst the which, when the Musicke began to sound the Mea-

Each Masker made choice of his Ladie :

And one more forward then the rest stopt towards thee :

Which I perceiving thrust him aside, and tooke thee my selfe.

But this was taken in so ill part,

That at my comming out of the court gate, with iustling together,

It was my chance to be thrust into the arme.

The doer thereof because he was the originall cause of the disorder

At that inconuenient time, was presently committed,

# The Millers daughter

Here enters  
Sir Robert of  
Windsor with  
a Gaylor.

And is this morning sent for to answer the matter:

And I think here he comes. What Sir Robert of Windsor how now?

Sir Robert. Ifaith my Lord a prisoner: but what ailes your arme?

Lubeck. Hurt the last night by mischance.

Sir Robert. What, not in the maske at the Court gate?

Lubeck. Yes trust me there.

Sir Rob. Why then my Lord I thank you for my nights lodging.

Lubeck. And I you for my hurt, if it were so;

Keeper awaie, I discharge you of your prisoner. *Exit the Keeper.*

Sir Rob. Lord Marques, you offerd me disgrace to shoulder me.

Lubeck. Sir I knew you not, and therefore you must pardon me,  
And the rather it might be alleaged to me of  
Meere simplicitie, to see another dance with my Mistris  
Disguised, and I my selfe in presence: but seeing it  
Was our haps to damnifie each other vnwillingly,  
Let vs be content with our harmes,  
And lay the fault where it was, and so become friends.

Sir Robert. Yfaith I am content with my nights lodging  
If you be content with your hurt.

Lubeck. Not content that I haue it, but content  
To forget how I came by it.

Sir Robert. My Lord, here comes Ladie Blanch, lets away.

*Enter Blanch.*

Lubeck. With good will, Ladie you will stay?

*Exit Lubeck and Sir Robert.*

Mariana. Madam.

Blanch. Mariana, as I am grieved with thy presence  
So am I not offended for thy absence,  
And were it not a breach to modestie,  
Thou shouldest know before I left thee.

Mariana. How neare is this humor to madnesse.  
If you hold on as you begin, you  
are in a prety way to scolding.

Blanch. To scolding huswife?

Mariana. Madam here comes one.

*Here enters one with a letter.*

Blanch

of Manchester.

Blaunch. There doth indeed. Fellow wouldest thou haue any Thing with any body here?

Messenger. I haue a letter to deliuer to the Ladie Mariana.

Blaunch. Give it me.

Messen. There maist none but shee haue it.

Blaunch snatcheth the letter from him, *Et exit messenger.*

Go to foolish fellow.

And therefore to ease the anger I sustaine,  
Ile be so bold to open it, what's here?

Sir Robert greets you well?

Your Maistries, his loue, his life; Oh amorous man,  
How he entertaines his new Maistres;  
And bestowes on Lubeck his odde friend  
A horne night cap to keepe in his wit.

Mariana. Madam though you haue discourceously  
Read my letter, yet I pray you giue it me.

Blaunch. Then take it there, and there, and there.

*She teares it Et exit Blaunch.*

Mariana. How far doth this differ from modeſtie:  
Yet will I gather vp the peeces, which haply  
May shew to me the intent thereoſt  
Though not the meaning.

*She gathers vp the peeces and ioynes them.*

Mariana. Your ſeruant and loue ſir Robert of Windsor  
Alius William the Conqueror, wiſheth long health and happiness;  
Is this William the Conqueror, ſhrouded vnder  
The name of ſir Robert of Windsor?  
Were he the Monarch of the world  
He ſhould not diſpoſeſſe Lubeck of his loue.  
Therefore I will to the Court, and there if I can  
Close to be freinds with Ladie Blaunch,  
And thereby keepe Lubeck my loue for my ſelfe:  
And further the Ladie Blaunch in her ſuite as much as I may. *Exiſt.*

*Enter Emſelme.*

Em. Ielouſie that ſharps the louers ſight,  
And makes him conceiue and conſter his intent,

# The Millers daughter

Hath so bewitched my louely *Manuils* sences,  
That he misdoubts his *Em* that loues his soule,  
He doth suspect corriuals in his loue :  
Which how vntrue it is be iudge my God.

But now no more : Here commeth *Valingford* :  
Shift him off now, as thou hast done the other. Enter *Valingford*.  
*Valingf.* See how Fortune presents me with the hope I lookest for.  
Faire *Em* !

*Em.* Who is that ?

*Valingf.* I am *Valingford* thy loue and friend.

*Em.* I cry you mercie Sir : I thought so by your speech.

*Valingf.* What aileth thine eyes ?

*Em.* Oh blinde Sir, blind, striken blinde by mishap on a sudden.

*Valingf.* But is it possible you should be taken on such a sudden ;  
Infortunate *Valingford* to be thus crost in thy loue.

Faire *Em*, I am not a little sorrie to see this thy hard hap :  
Yet neuerthelesse, I am acquainted with a learned *Physitian*,  
That will do any thing for thee at my request.  
To him will I resort, and enquire his iudgement,  
As concerning the recoverie of so excellent a fense.

*Em.* O Lord Sir : and of all things I cannot abide *Physicke* :  
The verie name thereof to me is odious.

*Valingford.* No ; not the thing will doe thee so much good ?  
Sweet *Em*, hither I came to parley of loue,  
Hoping to haue found thee in thy woonted prosperitie.  
And haue the gods so vnmercifully thwarted my expectation ?  
By dealing so sinisterly with thee sweet *Em* ?

*Em.* Good sir, no more, it fits not me  
To haue respect to such vaine fantasies.  
As idle loue presents my eares withall,  
More reason I should ghostly give my selfe,  
To sacred prayers, for this my former sinne.  
For which this plague is iustly fallen vpon me,  
Than to harken to the vanities of loue.

*Valingford.* Yet sweet *Em* accept this iewel at my hand,  
Which I bestow on thee in token of my loue.

of Manchester.

*Em.* A jewell sir, what pleasure can I haue  
In jewels, treasure, or any worldly thing  
That want my sight that should discerne thereof?  
Ah sir I must leaue you :

The paine of mine eyes is so extreame  
I cannot long stay in a place. I take my leaue.

*Exit Em.*

*Valingford.* Zounds, what a croſſe is this to my conceit;  
But *Valingford*, ſearch the depth of this deuife.

Why may not this be fained subtilitie,

By *Mountneyes* inuention, to the intent

That I ſeeing ſuch occation ſhould leaue off my ſuit,  
And not any more perſift to ſolicite her of loue?

Ile trie the euent, if I can by any meaneſ perceiue

The effect of this deceit to be procured by his meaneſ,

Friend *Mountney* the one of vs is like to repente our bargaine. *Exit.*

*Enter Mariana and Marq;es Lubeck.*

*Lubeck.* Ladie, ſince that occation forward in our good  
Presenteth place and opportunitie:  
Let me intreat your woonted kind conſent  
And freindly furtherance in a ſuit I haue.

*Mariana.* My Lord you know you need not to intreat,  
But may command *Mariana* to her power  
Be it no impeachement to my honoſt fame.

*Lubeck.* Free are my thoughts from ſuch base villanie  
As may in question, Ladie, call your name:  
Yet is the matter of ſuch conſequencie,  
Standing vpon my honorable credit,  
To be effected with ſuch zeale and ſecrefie,  
As ſhould I ſpeake and faile my expeſtation  
It would redound greatly to my preiudice.

*Mariana.* My Lord wherein hath *Mariana* giuen you occaſion  
That you ſhould miſtrut or elſe be ialous of my ſecrefie?

*Lubeck.* *Mariana*, do not miſconſteſ of me:  
I not miſtrut thee, nor thy ſecrefie,  
Nor let my loue miſconſteſ my intent,  
Nor thinke thereof but well and honourable.

# The Millers daughter

Thus stands the case : Thou knowest from England  
Hither came with me *Robert of Windsor*, a noble man at Armes,  
Lustie and valiant, in spring time of his yeares,  
No maruell then though he proue amorous.

*Mariana*. true my Lord, he came to see faire *Blanch*.

*Lubeck*. No *Mariana*, that is not it.

His loue to *Blanch* was then extinct  
When first he saw thy face  
Tis thee he loues : yea, thou art onely shee  
That is maistris and commander of his thoughts.

*Mariana*. Well, well, my Lord, I like you, for such drifts  
Put silly Ladies often to their shiffts,  
Oft haue I heard you say, you loued me well:  
Yea, sworne the same, and I beleueed you to.  
Can this be found an action of good faith,  
Thus to dissemble where you found true loue ?

*Lubeck*. *Mariana*, I not dissemble on mine honor :  
Nor failes my faith to thee. But for my friend,  
For princely *William*, by whom thou shalt possesse  
The title of estate and Maiestie,  
Fitting thy loue and vertues of thy minde,  
For him I speake, for him do I intreat,  
And with thy fauour fully do resigne  
To him the claime and interest of my loue.  
Sweet *Mariana* then denie mee not.  
Loue *William*, loue my friend and honour mee  
Who else is cleane dishonoured by thy meanes.

*Mariana*. Borne to mishap, my selfe am onely shee,  
On whom the Sunne of fortune never shined :  
But Planets rulde by retrogarde aspeft,  
Foretold mine ill in my natiuitie.

*Lubeck*. Sweet Ladie cease, let my intreatie serue  
To pacifie the passion of thy griefe,  
Which well I know proceeds of ardent loue.

*Mariana*. But *Lubeck* now regards not *Mariana*.

*Lubeck*. Euen as my life, so loue I *Mariana*.

*Mariana*.

of Manchester.

*Mariana.* Why do you post mee to anotherthen?

*Lubeck.* He is my friend, and I do loue the man.

*Mariana.* Then will Duke William rob me of my loue?

*Lubeck.* No as his life *Mariana* he doth loue.

*Mariana.* Speake for your selfe my Lord let him alone.

*Lub:ck.* So do I Madam, for he and I am one.

*Mariana.* Then louing you I do content you both.

*Lzbeck.* In louing him you shall content vs both.

Me, for I craue that fauour at your hands:

He for hopes that comfort at your hands.

*Mariana.* Leue of my lord, here comes the Ladie *Blanch*.

Enter *Blanch* to them.

*Lubeck.* Hard hap to breake vs of our talke so soone,

*Sweet Mariana,* doe remember me. Exit *Lubeck*,

*Mariana.* Thy *Mariana* cannot chuse but remember thee.

*Blanch.* *Mariana* well met; you are verie forward in your loue?

*Mariana.* Madam be it in secret spoken to your selfe,  
If you will but follow the complot I haue inuented.

You will not think me so forward

As your selfe shall proue fortunate.

*Blanch.* As how?

*Mariana.* Madam as thus: It is not yknownen to you  
That Sir *Robert* of *Windsor*,  
A man that you do not little esteeme,  
Hath long importuned me of loue:  
But rather then I will be found false  
Or vniust to the *Marques Lubeck*,  
I will as did the constant ladie *Penelope*  
Vndertake to effect some great taske.

*Blanch.* What of all this?

*Mariana.* The next time that *Sir Robert* shall come  
In his woonted sorte to sollicit me with loue,  
I will seeme to agree and like of any thing  
That the Knight shall demaund, so far forth  
As it be no impeachment to my chaftitie:  
And to conclude, point some place for to meet the man.

# The Millers daughter

For my conueyance from the Denmarke Court :  
Which determined vpon, he will appoynt some certaine time  
For our departure : whereof you hauing intelligence,  
You may soone set downe a plot to weare the English Crowne.  
And then ;

Blanch. What then ?

Mariana. If Sir Robert proue a King and you his Queene  
How then ?

Blanch. Were I assured of the one, as I am perswaded  
Of the other, there were some possibilite in it.  
But here comes the man.

Mariana. Madam begon and you shall see  
I will worke to your desire and my content.

Exit Blanch.

William. Con. Lady this is well and happily met,  
Fortune hetherto hath beene my foe,  
And though I haue oft sought to speake with you,  
Yet still haue beene crost with sinister haps.  
I cannot Madam tell a louing tale  
Or court my Maistres with fabulous discourses,  
That am a souldier sworne to follow armes :  
But this I bluntly let you vnderstand,  
I honour you with such religious zeale  
As may become an honorable minde.  
Nor may I make ray loue the siege of Troy  
That am a stranger in this Countrie.

First what I am, I know you are resolued,  
For that my friend hath let you that to vnderstand,  
The Marques Lubeck, to whom I am so bouud,  
That whilest I liue I count me onely his.

Mariana. Surely you are beholding to the Marques,  
For he hath beene an earnest spokes-man in your cause.

William. And yeelds my Ladie then at his request  
To grace Duke William with her gratiouse loue ;

Mariana. My Lord I am a prisoner, and hard it were  
To get me from the Court.

William. An easie matter to get you from the Court.

# of Manchester.

If case, that you will thereto giue consent.

*Mariana.* Put case I should, how would you vs me then?

*William.* Not otherwise but well and honorably.

I haue at Sea a ship that doth attend,  
Which shall forthwith conduct vs into England ;  
Where when we are, I straight will marrie thee.  
We may not stay deliberating long  
Leaft that suspition, enuious of our weale  
Set in a foot to hinder our pretence.

*Mariana.* But this I thinke were most conuenient  
To maske my face the better to scape vnknowne.

*William.* A good devise : till then, Farwell faire loue.

*Mariana.* But this I must intreat your grace,  
You would not seek by lust vnlawfully  
To wrong my chaste determinations.

*William.* I hold that man most shamelesse in his sinne  
That seekes to wrong an honest ladies name  
Whom he thinkes worthy of his marriage bed.

*Mariana.* In hope your oath is true,  
I leaue your grace till the appointed time.

*Exit Mariana.*

*William.* O happie *William*, blessed in thy loue :  
Most fortunate in *Marianas* loue :  
Well Lubeck well, this courtesie of thine  
I will requite if God permit me life.

*Exit.*

*Enter Valingford and Mountney at two sundrie dores, looking  
angerly each on other with Rapiers drawen.*

*Mountney.* Valingford, so hardlie I disgeft an iniurie  
Thou haft profered me, as wer't not that I detest to do what stands  
Not with the honor of my name,  
Thy death should paie thy ransome of thy fault.

*Valingford.* And Mountney had not my reuenging wrath,  
Inceast with more than ordinary loue  
Beene such for to deprive thee of thy life,  
Thou hadst not liued to braue me as thou doest : wretch as thou art,  
Wherein hath Valingford offendeth thee ?

# The Millers daughter

That honourable bond which late we did confirme,  
In presence of the gods;  
When with the Conqueror we arriued here  
For my part hath been kept inviolably  
Till now too much abused by thy villanie,  
I am inforced to cancell all those bands,  
By hating him which I so well did loue.

*Mountney.* Subtil thou art, and cunning in thy fraud,  
That giuing me occasion of offence,  
Thou pickst a quarrell to excuse thy shame.  
Why *Valingford*, was it not enough for thee  
To be a riuall twixt me and my loue,  
But counsell her to my no small disgrace,  
That when I came to talke with her of loue,  
Shee should seeme deafe, as faining not to heare?

*Valingford.* But hath shee *Mountney* vsed thee as thou sayest?

*Mountney.* Thou knowest too well shee hath:  
Wherein thou couldest not do me greater iniurie.

*Valingford.* Then I perceiue we are deluded both:  
For when I offered many gifts of Gold and iewels  
To entreat for loue, shee hath refused them with a coy disdaine,  
Alleaging that shee could not see the sunne.  
The same conjectured I to be thy drift,  
That fayning so shee might be rid of mee.

*Mountney.* The like did I by thee. But are not these naturall im-

*Valingford.* In my conjecture merely counterfeit: (pediments?  
Therefore lets joyne hands in friendship once againe,  
Since that the iarre grew only by conjecture.

*Mountney.* With all my heart: Yet lets trye the truth thereof.

*Valingf.* With right good will. We will straight vnto her father,  
And thereto learne whether it be so or no.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter William and Blanch disguised, with a maske  
over her face.*

*William.* Come on my loue the comfort of my life:  
Disguised thus we may remaine yknowne,

*And*

of Manchester.

And get we once to Seas, I force not then,  
We quickly shall attaine the English shore.

*Blanch.* But this I vrge you with your former oath.  
You shall not seeke to violate mine honour,  
Vntill our marriage rights be all performed.

*William. Mariana,* here I sweare to thee by heauen,  
And by the honour that I beare to Armes,  
Neuer to seeke or craue at hands of thee  
The spoyle of honourable chaftitie  
Vntill we do attaine the English coast,  
Where thou shalt be my right espoused Queene.

*Blanch.* In hope your oath proceedeth from your heart,  
Lets leauue the Court, and betake vs to his power  
That gouernes all things to his mightie will,  
And will reward the iust with endlesse ioye,  
And plague the bad with most extreme annoy,

*William.* Lady as little tarriance as we may,  
Leaft some mis-fortune happen by the way.

*Exit Blanch and William.*

*Enter the Miller, his man Trotter, & Mannile.*

*Miller.* I tell you sir it is no little greefe to mee,  
You should so hardly conceit of my daughter,  
Whose honest report, though I saie it,  
Was neuer blotted with any title of defamation.

*Mannile.* Father Miller, the repaire of those gentlemen to your  
Hath giuen me great occasion to mislike. (house,

*Miller.* As for those gentlemen, I neuer saw in them  
Any euill intreatie. But should they haue profered it,  
Her chaste minde hath prooife enough to preuent it.

*Trotter.* Those gentlemen are as honest as euer I saw:  
For yfaith one of them gaue me six pence  
To fetch a quart of Seck. See master here they come.

*Enter Mountney and Valing ford.*

*Miller.* Trotter, call Em, now they are here together,  
Ile haue this matter throughly debated, *Exit Trotter,*

*Mountney.* Father, well met. We are come to confer with you.

# The Millers daughter

*Manuile.* Nay ; with his daughter rather.

*Valingf.* Thus it is father, we are come to craue your friendship

*Miller.* Gentlemen as you are strangers to me, (in a matter.  
Yet by the way of courtesie you shall demand  
Any reasonable thing at my hands.

*Manuile.* What is the matter so forward?

They come to craue his good will?

*Valingford.* It is giuen vs to vnderstand that your daughter  
Is sudenly become both blinde and deafe.

*Miller.* Mary God forbid : I haue sent for her, in deed.  
She hath kept her chamber this three daies.  
It were no little grieve to me if it should be so.

*Manuile.* This is Gods iudgement for her trecherie.

Enter Trotter leading *Em.*

*Miller.* Gentlemen I feare your words are two true :  
See where Trotter comes leading of her.

What ayles my *Em*, not blinde I hope?

*Em.* Mountney and Valingford both together?  
And *Manuile*, to whom I haue faithfully vowed my loue?  
Now *Em* suddenly helpeth thy selfe.

*Mountney.* This is no desembling *Valingford*.

*Valingford.* If it be ; it is cunningly contriued of all sides.

*Em.* Trotter lend me thy hand,  
And as thou louest me keep my counsell  
And iustifie what so euer I saie, and Ile largely requite thee.

*Trott.* Ah, that is as much as to saie you would tell a monstrous,  
Terrible, horrible, outragious lie,  
And I shall sooth it, no berlady.

*Em.* My present extremitie wills me, if thou loue me *Trotter*?

*Trotter.* That same word loue makes me to doe any thing.

*Em.* Trotter wheres my father?

*He thrusts Em upon her father.*

*Trotter.* Why what a blinde dunce are you, can you not see?  
He standeth right before you,

*Em.* Is this my father?

Good father, giue me leaue to sit

Where

of Manchester.

Where I may not be disturbed,  
Sith God hath visited me both of my sight and hearing.

*Miller.* Tell me sweet *Em.* how came this blindness.

Thy eyes are louely to looke on,  
And yet haue they lost the benefit of their sight.  
What a griefe is this to thy poore father?

*Em.* Good father let me not stand as an open gazing stock to  
But in a place alone as fits a creature so miserable. (uerie one,

*Miller.* Trotter, lead her in, the vtter ouerthrow  
Of poore Goddards ioy and onely solace.

*Exit the Miller, Trotter and Em.*

*Manuile.* Both blinde and deafe, then is she no wife for me;  
And glad am I so good occasion is hapned :  
Now will I away to *Manchester*,  
And leaue these gentlemen to their blinde fortynne. *Exit Manuile.*

*Mountney.* Since fortune hath thus spitefully crost our hope,  
Let vs leaue this guest and harken after our King,  
Who is at this day landed at *Lirpoole*. *Exit Mountney.*

*Valingford.* Goe my Lord, Ile follow you.

Well, now *Mountney* is gone.

Ile staike behind to solicit my loue,  
For I imagine that I shall find this but a fained inuention  
Thereby to haue vs leaue off our suits.

*Enter Marques Lubeck, and the King of Denmark*

*Angerly with some attendant s.*

*Zweno.* K. Well *Lubeck* well, it is not possible  
But you must be consenting to this a<sup>t</sup> ;  
Is this the man so highly you extold ?  
And play a part so hatefull with his friend ?  
Since first he came with thee into the court  
What entertainment and what countenance  
He hath receiued, none better knowes than thou.  
In recompence whereof, he quites me well,  
To steale a way faire *Mariana* my prisoner,  
Whose ransome being lately greed vpon,  
I am deluded of by this escape.

# The Millers daughter

Besides, I know nor how to answer it  
When shee shall be demanded home to Swethia.

*Lubesk.* My gracious Lord conie & ture not I pray  
Worser of Lubeck than he doth deserue:  
Your highnes knowes *Mariana* was my loue,  
Sole paragon and mistres of my thoughts.  
Is it likely I should know of her departure,  
Wherein there is no man iniured more than I?

*Zweno.* That carries reason *Marques* I confess.  
Call forth my daughter, yet I am perswaded  
That shee poore soule suspected not her going:  
For as I heare: shee likewise loued the man,  
Which he to blame did not at all regard.

*Rocilia.* My Lord here is the Princesse *Mariana*:  
It is your daughter is conueyed away.

*Zweno.* What, my daughter gone?  
Now *Marques* your villanie breakes foorth.  
This match is of your making, gentle sir:  
And you shall dearly know the price thereof.

*Lubeck.* Knew I thereof, or that there was intent  
In *Robert* thus to steale your highnes daughter  
Let heauens in justice presently confound me.

*Zweno.* Not all the protestations thou canst vse,  
Shall sauе thy life. Away with him to prison.  
And minion, otherwise it cannot be,  
But you are an agent in this trecherie.  
I will reuenge it throughly on you both.  
Away with her to prison. Heres stuppe indeed?  
My daughter stolen away?  
It bootteth not thus to disturbe my selfe,  
But presently to send to English *William*,  
To send me that proud knight of Windsor hither,  
Here in my Court to suffer for his shame:  
Or at my pleasure to be punished there  
Withall, that *Blanch* be sent me home againe,  
Or I shall fetch her vnto *Windsors* cost,

Yea,

## of Manchester.

Yea, and William too if he denie her mee ?

Exit Zveno.

Enter William taken with souldiers.

William. Could any crosse, could any plague be woyse ?  
Could heaven or hell did both conspire in one  
To afflict my soule, inuent a greater scourge  
Than presently I am tormented with ?  
Ah Mariana cause of my lament :  
Joy of my heart, and comfort of my life  
For thee I breath my sorrowes in the ayre,  
And tire my selfe : for silently I sigh,  
My sorrowes afflicts my soule with equall passion.

Souldier. Go to sirrah, put vp, it is to small purpose.

William. Hence villaines hence, dare you lay your hands  
Upon your Soueraigne ?

Souldier. Well sir, we will deale for that,  
But here comes one will remedie all this.

Enter Demarch.

Souldier. My Lord, watching this night in the campe,  
VVe tooke this man, and know not what he is :  
And in his companie was a gallant dame,  
A woman faire in outwad shewe shewd seemd,  
But that her face was mask'd we could not see  
The grace and fauour of her countenance.

Demarch. Tell me good fellow of whence and what thou art.

Souldier. Why do you not answer my Lord ?  
He takes scorne to answer.

Demarch. And takest thou scorne to answer my demand ?  
Thy proud behauour very well deserues  
This misdemeanour at the worst be construed.  
Why doest thou neither know, nor hast thou heard ?  
That in the absence of the Saxon Duke,  
Demarch is his especiall Substitute  
To punish thole that shall offend the lawes.

William. In knowing this, I know thou art a traytor,  
A rebell, and mutenous conspirator.

Why Demarch, knowest thou who I am ?

Demarch.

## *The Miller's daughter*

*Demarch.* Pardon my dread Lord the error of my fense,  
And misdemeanor to your princely excellencie.

*Will.* Why *Demarch*, What is the cause my subiects are in armes?

*Demarch.* Free are my thoughts my dread and gratiouse Lord  
From treason to your state and common weale,  
Only reuengement of a priuate grudge,  
By Lord *Dirot* lately profered me,  
That stands not with the honor of my name,  
Is cause I haue assembled for my guard  
Some men in armes that may withstand his force,  
Whose settled malice aymeth at my life.

*William.* Where is Lord *Dirot*?

*Demarch.* In armes, my gratiouse Lord,  
Not past two miles from hence,  
As credibly I am ascertained.

*William.* Well, come, let vs goe,  
I feare I shall find traytors of you both.

*Exit.*

Enter the *Citizen of Manchester*, and his daughter *Elner*,  
and *Mannile*.

*Citizen.* Indeed sir it would do verie well  
If you could intreat your father to come hither:  
But if you thinke it be too far,  
I care not much to take horse and ride to Manchester.  
I am sure my daughter is content with either:  
How sayest thou *Elner* art thou not?

*Elner.* As you shall think best I must be contented.

*Mannile.* Well *Elner*, farewell, only thus much,  
I pray make all things in a readines,  
Either to serue here or to carry thither with vs.

*Citizen.* As for that sir take you no care,  
And so I betake you to your iournie.

Enter *Valingford*,

But soft, what gentleman is this?

*Valingf.* God speed sir, might a man craue a word or two with you?

*Citizen.* God forbid else sir, I pray you speake your pleasure.

*Valingford.* The gentleman that parted from you was he not

Of

of Manchester.

Of Manchester, his father living there of good account.

*Citizen.* Yes mary is he sir : why doe you aske ?  
Belike you haue had some acquaintance with him.

*Valingford.* I haue been acquainted in times past,  
But through his double dealing,  
I am growen werie of his companie.  
For be it spoken to you :

He hath been acquainted with a poore millers daughter,  
And diuerstimes hath promist her marriage.  
But what with his delayes and flouts,  
He hath brought her into such a taking,  
That I feare me it will cost her her life.

*Citizen.* To be plaine with you sir :  
His father and I haue been of old acquaintance,  
And a motion was made,  
Betweene my daughter and his sonne,  
VVhich is now throughly agreed vpon  
Sage onely the place appoynted for the marriage,  
Whether it shall be kept here or at Manchester,  
And for no other occasion he is now ridden.

*Elmer.* What hath he done to you ?  
That you should speake so ill of the man.

*Valingford.* Oh gentlewoman I crie you mercie,  
He is your husband that shalbe.

*Elmer.* If I knew this to be true ?  
He shdoul not be my husband were he neuer so good:  
And therefore, good father,  
I would desire you to take the paines  
To beare this gentleman companie to Manchester  
To know whether this be true or no.

*Citizen.* Now trust mee gentleman hee deales with mee verie  
Knowing how well I meant to him. (hardly,  
But I care not much to ride to Manchester  
To know whether his fathers will be  
He shdoul deale with me so badly.  
Will it please you sir to go in, we will presently take horse & away.

# The Millers daughter

Walingford. If it please you to go in  
Ile follow you presently.

Exit Elner and her father.

Now shall I be reuenged on *Manuile*,  
And by this meanes get *Em* to my wife :  
And therefore I will straight to her fathers  
And informe them both of all that is hapned.

Exit.

Enter *William*, the Ambassador of Denmark,  
*Demarch*, and other attendants.

*William*. What newes with the Denmark Ambassador?

*Embassador*. Mary thus, the King of Denmark & my Soueraigne  
Doth send to know of thee what is the cause  
That iniuriously against the law of armes,  
Thou hast stollen away his onely daughter *Blanch*,  
The onely stay and comfort of his life.  
Therefore by me he willeth thee to send his daughter *Blanch* :  
Or else forthwith he will leuy such an host,  
As soone shall fetch her in despite of thee.

*William*. Embassador, this answer I returne thy King.  
He willeth me to send his daughter *Blanch* :  
Saying I conuaid her from the Danish court,  
That neuer yet did once as think thereof.  
As for his menacing and daunting threats  
I will regard him nor his Danish power:  
For if he corne to fetch her forth my Realme,  
I will prouide him such a banquet here.  
That he shall haue small cause to giue me thanks.

*Embassador*. Is this your answer then?

*William*. It is, and so be gone.

*Embassador*. I goe : but to your cost.      Exit *Embassador*.

*William*. Demarch, our subiects earst leuied in ciuill broyles,  
Mustred forth with for to defend the Realme,  
In hope whereof that we shall finde you true,  
We freely pardon this thy late offence.

*Demarch*. Most humble thanks I render to your grace.

Exeunt.

Enter

## of Manchester.

*Enter the Miller and Valingford.*

*Mill.* Alas gentleman, why should you trouble your selfe so much,  
Considering the imperfections of my daughter,  
Which is able to with-draw the loue of any man from her,  
As alreadie it hath done in her first choyce.

*Maister Manuile* hath forsaken her,  
And at Chester shall be maried to a mans daughter of no little  
But if my daughter knew so much : (wealth).  
It would goe verie neare her heart I feare me.

*Valingf.* Father miller : such is the entire affection to your  
As no misfortune whatsoeuer can alter. (daughter,  
My fellow Mountney thou seeft gaue quickly ouer,  
But I by reason of my good meaning  
Am not so soone to be changed  
Although I am borne off with scornes and deniall.

*Enter Em to them.*

*Miller.* Trust me sir I know not what to saie,  
My daughter is not to be compelled by me,  
But here she comes her selfe : speake to her and spare not :  
For I never was troubled with loue matters so much before.

*Em.* Good Lord ! shall I never be rid of this importunate man?  
Now must I dissemble blindnesse againe.  
Once more for thy sake *Manuile* thus am I inforced,  
Because I shall complete my full resolued minde to thee.  
Father where are you ?

*Miller.* Here sweet *Em*, answer this gentleman  
That would so faine enjoy thy loue.

*Em.* Where are you sir ? will you never leauue  
This idle and vaine pursuit of loue ?  
Is not England stor'd enoughe to content you ?  
But you must still trouble the poore  
Contemptible maid of Manchester.

*Valingf.* None can content me but the faire maid of Manchester.

*Em.* I perceiue loue is vainly described,  
That being blinde himselfe,

## The Millers daughter

VVould haue you likewise troubled with a blinde wife,  
Having the benefit of your eyes,  
But neither follow him so much in follie,  
But loue one, in whom you may better delight.

*Valingford.* Father Miller, thy daughter shall haue honour  
By granting mee her loue :  
I am a Gentleman of king *Williams* Court,  
And no meane man in king *Williams* fauour.

*Em.* If you be a Lord sir, as you say :  
You offer both your selfe and mee great wrong :  
Yours, as apparant in limiting your loue so vnorderly,  
For which you rashly endure reprochement :

Mine, as open and euident,  
VVhen being shut from the vanities of this world,  
You would haue me as an open gazing stock to all the world :  
For lust, not loue leades you into this error :  
But from the one I will keepe me as well as I can,  
And yeeld the other to none but to my father,  
As I am bound by dutie.

*Valingford.* VVhy faire *Em.* *Manuile* hath forsaken thee,  
And must at Chester be married, which,  
If I speake otherwise than true,  
Let thy father speake what credibly he hath heard.

*Em.* But can it be *Manuile* will deale so unkindly,  
To reward my iustice with such monstrous vngentlenes.  
Haue I dissembled for thy sake?  
And doest thou now thus requite it?  
In deed these many daies I haue not seen him,  
Which hath made me maruell at his long absence.  
But father, are you assured of the words he spake,  
VVere concerning *Manuile*?

*Miller.* In sooth daughter, now it is forth,  
I must needs confirme it.  
*Master Manuile* hath forsaken thee,  
And at Chester must be married  
To a mans daughter of no little wealth.

of Manchester.

His owne father procures it,  
And therefore I dare credit it,  
And doe thou beleue it,  
For trust me daughter it is so.

*Em.* Then good father pardon the iniurie,  
That I haue done to you only causing your griefe,  
By ouer-fond affecting a man so trothlesse.  
And you likewise sir, I pray hold mee excused,  
As I hope this cause will allow sufficiently for mee :  
My loue to *Mannile*, thinking he would requite it,  
Hath made me double with my father and you,  
And many more besides,  
Which I will no longer hide from you.  
That inticing speeches should not beguile mee,  
I haue made my selfe deafe to any but to him.  
And lest any mans person should please mee more than his,  
I haue dissembled the want of my sight:  
Both which shaddowes of my irrevocable affections,  
I haue not spar'd to confirme before him.  
My father, and all other amorous solicitors:  
Wherewith not made acquainted, I perceive  
My true intent hath wrought mine owne sorrow.  
And seeking by loue to be regarded,  
Am cut off with contempe, and despised.

*Mill.* Tell me sweet *Em.*, hast thou but fained all this while for  
That hath so discourseously forsaken thee. (his loue,

*Em.* Credit me father I haue told you the troth,  
Wherewith I desire you and Lord *Valingford* not to be displeased  
For ought else I shall saie,  
Let my present griefe hold me excused.  
But may I live to see that vngratefull man..  
Justly rewarded for his trecherie,  
Poore *Em.* would think her selfe not a little happier,  
Favour my departing at this instant,  
For my troubled thought desires to meditate alone in silence;

*Exic. Em.*

# The Millers daughter

Valingf. Will not *Em* shew one cheerefull looke on *Valingford*?  
Miller Alas sir, blame her not, you see shee hath good cause,  
Being so handled by this gentleman:  
And so Ile leaue you, and go comfort my poore wench  
As well as I may. *Exit the Miller.*

*Valingford.* Farewell good father. *Exit Valingford.*

Enter *Zweno King of Denmark* with *Rosilio*,  
and other attendants.

*Zweno.* Rosilio, Is this the place whereas the Duke *William*  
should meet mee?

*Rosilio.* It is, and like your grace.

*Zweno.* Goe captaine away, regard the charge I gaue:  
See all our men be martialed for the fight.  
Dispose the wards as lately was deuised,  
And let the prisoners vnder seuerall gards  
Be kept apart vntill you heare from vs.  
Let this suffice, you know my resolution,  
If *William Duke of Saxon* be the man,  
That by his answer sent vs, he would send  
Not words but wounds: not parleis but alarms,  
Must be decider of this controuersie.

*Rosilio,* Stay with mee, the rest begone. *Exeunt.*

Enter *William*, and *Demarch* with other attendants

*William.* All but *Demarch* go shroud you out of sight,  
For I will goe parley with the Prince my selfe.

*Demarch.* Should *Zweno* by this parley call you forth,  
Vpon intent iniuriously to deale:  
This offereth too much opportunitie.

*William.* No, no, *Demarch*, that were a breach  
Against the Law of Armes: therefore begone,  
And leaue vs here alone. *Exeunt.*

I seethat *Zweno* is master of his word.

*Zweno, William of Saxonie* greeteth thee

Either

of Manchester.

Either well or ill, according to thy intent.  
If well thou wish to him and Saxonie,  
He bids thee friendly welcome as he can :  
If ill thou wish to him and Saxonie,  
He must withstand thy malice as he may.

*Zweno.* William, for other name and title giue I none.  
To him, who were he worthie of those honours  
That Fortune and his predecessors left,  
I ought by right and humaine courtesie  
To grace his stile with duke of Saxonie.  
But for I finde a base degenerate minde,  
I frame my speech according to the man,  
And not the state that he vnworthie holds.

*William.* Herein *Zweno* dost thou abase thy state,  
To breake the peace which by our auncesters  
Hath heretofore been honourably kept.

*Zweno.* And should that peace foreuer haue been kept,  
Had not thy selfe been author of the breach :  
Nor stands it with the honour of my state,  
Or nature of a father to his childe,  
That I should so be robbed of my daughter,  
And not vnto the vtmost of my power  
Reuenge so intolerable an iniurie.

*William.* is this the colour of your quarrell *Zweno*?  
I well perceiue the wisest mea may erre.  
And thinke you I conueied away your daughter *Blanch* ??

*Zweno.* art thou so impudent to deny thou didst  
When that the prooфе thereof is manifest ;

*William.* What prooфе is there ?

*Zweno.* Thine owne confession is sufficient prooфе.

*William.* Did I confess I stole your daughter *Blanch* ?

*Zweno.* Thou didst confess thou hadst a Ladie hence,

*William.* I haue and do.

*Zweno.* Why that was *Blanch* my daughter,

*William.* Nay that was *Mariana*,

VVho wrongfully thou detaineſt prisoner.

*Zweno*

## The Millers daughter

Zweno. Shamelesse persisting in thy ill,  
Thou doest maintaine a manifest vntroth,  
As shee shall iustifie vato thy teeth.

Rosilio, fetch her and the Marques hither.

Exit Rosilio for Mariana.

William. It cannot be I should be so deceiued.

Demarch, I heare this night among the souldiers,  
That in their watch they tooke a pensiue Ladie:  
Who at the appoyntment of the Lord Dirot is yet in keeping:  
What shee is I know not,  
Onely thus much I ouer-hard by chance.

William. And what of this?

Demarch. It may be Blanch the King of Denmarkes daughter.

VVilliam. It may be so: but on my life it is not;  
Yet Demarch, goe and fetch her straight.

Enter Rosilio with the Marques.

Rosilio. Pleaseth your highnes, here is the Marques and Mariana.

Zweno, See here Duke VVilliam, your competitors,  
That were consenting to my daughters scape:  
Let them resolute you of the truth herein,  
And here I vow and solemnly protest,  
That in thy presence they shall lose their heads,  
Vnlesse I heare where as my daughter is.

VVilliam. O Marques Lubeck how it grieueth me,  
That for my sake thou shouldest indure these bondes,  
Be iudge my soule that feeles the martirdome.

Marques. Duke VVilliam, you know it is for your cause,  
It pleaseth thus the King to misconceive of me,  
And for his pleasure doth me injurie.

Enter Demarch with the Ladie Blanch.

Demarch. May it please your highnesse.  
Here is the Ladie you sent me for.

VVilliam. Away Demarch, what tellest thou me of Ladies?

of Manchester.

I so dearest the dealing of their sex,  
As that I count a louers state to be the base  
And vildest slauerie in the world.

*Demarch.* VVhat humors are these? heres a strange alteration.

*Zweno.* See *Duke William*, is this *Blanch* or no?  
You know her, if you see her I am sure.

*William.* *Zweno* I was deceiued, yea vtterly deceiued,  
Yet this is shee: this same is Ladie *Blanch*.  
And for mine error, here I am content  
To do whatsoeuer *Zweno* shall set downe.  
Ah cruell *Mariana* thus to vse  
The man which loued and honoured thee with his heart.

*Mariana.* VVhen first I came into your hightesse courte,  
And *William* often importing me of loue:  
I did deuise to ease the griefe your daughter did sustain:  
Shee should meeete Sir *William* masked as I it were.  
This put in proofe, did take so good effect,  
As yet it seemes his grace is not resolued,  
But it was I which he conueied away.

*William.* May this be true? It cannot be but true.  
Was it Ladie *Blanch* which I conueied away?  
*Vnconstant Mariana,*  
Thus to deale with him which meant to thee nought but faith.

*Blanch.* Pardon deere father my follies that are past,  
Wherein I haue neglected my dutie  
Which I in reuerence ought to shew your grace,  
For led by loue I thus haue gone astray,  
And now repent the errors I was in.

*Zweno.* Stand vp deare daughter, though thy fault deserues  
Forto be punish't in the extremest sort;  
Yet loue that couers multitude of sins.  
Makes loue in parents winke at childrens faults.  
Sufficeth *Blanch* thy father loues thee so,  
Thy follies past he knowes, but will not know.  
And here *Duke William* take my daughter to thy wife.  
For well I am assured shes loues thee well.

# The Millers daughter

William. A proper coniunction: as who should say,  
Lately come out of the fire,  
I would goe thrust my selfe into the flame.  
Let Maistres nice go Saint it where shee list,  
And coyly quaint it with dissembling face,  
I hold in scorne the foolerries that they vse,  
I being free will neuer subiect my selfe  
To any such as shee is vnderneath the sunne.

Zweno. Refusest thou to take my daughter to thy wife?  
I tell thee Duke, this rash deniali

May bring more mischife on thee then thou canst avoyd:

William. Conceit hath wrought such generall dislike  
Through the false dealing of Mariana,  
That vterly I doe abhor their sex.  
They are all disloyall, vncostant, all vniust:  
Who tries as I haue tried,  
And findes as I haue found,  
Will say there's no such creatures on the ground.

Blanch. Vncostant Knight, though some deserue no trust,  
Thers others faithfull, louing, loyall, & iust.

Enter to them Valingford with Em and the Miller,  
And Mountney, and Manuile, and Elnier.

Will. How now L. Valingford, what makes these women here?  
Valingf. Here be two women, may it please your grace,  
That are contracted to one man,  
And are in strife whether shall haue him to their husband.

William. Stand forth women and saie,  
To whether of you did he first give his faith?

Em. To me forsooth.

Elnier. To me my gracious Lord.

William. Speake Manuile, to whether didst thou giue thy faith?

Manuile. To saie the troth: this maide had first my loue.

Elnier. Yea Manuile, but there was no witnesse by.

Em. Thy conscience Manuile is a hundred witnesse.

Elnier.

# of Manchester.

*Elner.* Shee hath stolne a conscience to serue her owne turne :  
But you are deceiued, yfaith he will none of you.

*Manuile.* Indeed; dread Lord, so deere I held her loue,  
As in the same I put my whole delight.  
But some impediments which at that instant hapued,  
Made me forsake her quite,  
For which I had her fathers franke consent.

*William.* What were the impediments ?

*Manuile.* Why shee could neither heare nor see.

*William.* Now shee doth both. Mayden how were you cured ?

*Em.* Pardon my Lord, Ile tell your gracie the troth,  
Be it not imputed to me as discredit.

I loued this *Manuile* so much, that still me thought

When he was absent did present to mee

The forme and feature of that countenance

Which I did staine an Idol in my heart:

And never could I see a man me thought

That equald *Manuile* in my partiall eye.

Not was there any loue betweene vs lost,

But that I held the same in high regard,

Vntill repaire of some vnto our house,

Of whom my *Manuile* grew thus jealous:

As if he tooke exception I vouchsafed

To heare them speake, or saw them when they came

On which I straight tooke order with my selfe

To voyde the scruple of his conscience,

By counterfaiting that I neither saw nor heard,

Any wayes to rid my hands of them.

All this I did to keepe my *Manuiles* loue,

Which he vunkindly seekes for to reward.

*Manuile.* And did my *Em* to keepe her faith with mee

Dissemble that shee neither heard nor sawe.

Pardon me sweet *Em*, for I am onely thine.

*Em.* Lay off thy hands, disloyall as thou art,

Nor shalt thou haue possession of my loue,

That canst so finely shif thy matters off.

# The Millers daughter

Put case I had beene blind and could not see,  
As often times such visitations falles  
That pleasest God which all things doth dispose :  
Shouldest thou forsake me in regard of that ?  
I tell thee *Manuile*, hadst thou beene blinde,  
Or deafe, or dumbe, or else what impediments  
Might befall to man, *Em* would haue loued, and kept,  
And honoured thee : yea, begg'd if wealth had fail'd  
For thy releefe.

*Manuile*. Forgiue mee sweet *Em*.

*Em*. I do forgiue thee with my heart,  
And will forget thee too if case I can :  
But never speake to mee, nor seeme to know mee.

*Manuile*. Then fare well frost :  
Well fare a wench that will.

Now *Elner*, I am thine owne my girle.

*Elner*. Mine *Manuile*? thou never shalt be mine.  
I so detest thy villanie,  
That whilst I liue I will abhor thy company.

*Manuile*. Is it come to this? of late, I had choyce of twaine  
On either side to haue me to her husband,  
And now am vtterly reieected of them both.

*Valingford*. My Lord this gentleman whentime was  
Stood some-thing in our light,  
And now I thinke it not amisse  
To laugh at him that sometime scorned at vs.

*Mountney*. Content my Lord, inuent the forme.

*Valingford*. Then thus.

*William*. I see that women are not generall cuils,  
*Blanch* is faire : Me thinkes I see in her,  
A modest countenance, a heauenly blush.  
*Zweno*, receiue a reconciled foe,  
Not as thy friend, but as thy sonne in law,  
If so that thou be thus content.

*Zweno*, I ioy to see your grace so tractable.  
Here take my daughter *Blanch*.

# of Manchester.

And after my decease the Denmark Crowne.

William. Now sir, how stands the case with you?

Manuile. I partly am perswaded as your grace is,  
My Lord, he is best at ease that medleth least.

Valingford. Sir, may a man be so bold  
As to craue a word with you?

Manuile. Yea two or three : what are they?

Valingford. I say, this maid will haue thee to her husband.

Mount. And I say this : & thereof will I lay an hundred pound.

Valingf. And I say this : whereon I will lay as much.

Manuile. And I say neither : what say you to that?

Mountney. If that be true : then are we both deceiued.

Manuile. Why it is true, and you are both deceiued.

Marques. In mine eyes, this is the proprest wench.

Might I aduise thee, take her vnto thy wife.

Zweno. It seemes to me, shee hath refused him.

Marques. Why theres the spite.

Zweno. If one refuse him, yet may he haue the other.

Marques. He will aske but her good will, and all her friends.

Zweno. Might I aduise thee, let them both alone.

Manuile. Yea, that's the course, and thereon will I stand,  
Such idle loue henceforth I will detest.

Valingford. The foxe will eat no grapes and why?

Mountney. I know full well, because they hang too hie.

William. And may it be a Millers daughter by her birth?

I cannot thinke but shee is better borne.

Valingford. Sir Thomas Goddard bight this reuerent man,  
Famed for his vertues and his good successe :  
Whose fame hath been renommed through the world.

William. Sir Thomas Goddard welcome to thy Prince,  
And faire Em, frolike with thy good father.

As glad am I to find Sir Thomas Goddard.

As good Sir Edmund Treford on the plaines :

He like a shepherd, and thou our countrie Miller,

Miller. And longer let not Goddard liue a day,  
Than he in honour loues his soueraigne.

*The Millers daughter, &c.*

*Williams.* But say Sir Thomas, shall I give thy daughter?

*Miller.* Goddard and all that he hath.

Doth rest at the pleasure of your Majestie.

*Williams.* And what sayes Em to louely *Valingford*?

It seemd he loued you well,

That for your sake durst leaue his King.

*Em.* Em rests at the pleasure of your highnesse.

And would I were a wife for his desert.

*William.* Then here Lord *Valingford*,

Receiue faire *Em*.

Here take her, make her thy espoused wife.

Then goe we in, that preparation may be made,

To see these nuptials solemnly performed.

*Exeunt all. Sound drummes and Trumpets.*

**F I N I S.**

